

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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## The White Flower.

BY LEILA ENDERS.

LONG, long ago there was a prince whose father died suddenly and left him the kingdom. The people in this kingdom were not happy, or very good either. They were discontented, selfish, quarreled with one and another, and most of the time they were lazy.

The young prince, or king as he now was, loved his people dearly, and was greatly troubled when he saw them so dissatisfied and unhappy. He tried hard to find something that would make them cheerful and kind.

One day after he had finished weeding his garden, he lay down under a tree to rest, and fell asleep.

A tiny, little fairy came to him and said, "Dear king, why are you so sad?"

"Because my people are so miserable," answered the king.

"But do you know why they are so miserable?" asked the good fairy.

"No," replied the king, sadly. "I wish that I did."

"Well, I will tell you why," said the fairy. "Your people have not enough work to do. When their hands are idle, their brains and their hearts cannot work right."

Then the fairy disappeared.

The king awoke as the golden sun was setting in the west. Its rays fell upon his bright, white flowers, and made the garden a most beautiful spot.

"Now, I have an idea," said the king, as he looked at the wonderful white flowers. "I will give my people some of these white flower seeds to plant. Perhaps they may help them."

So the next day he issued a law which read: "To-day seeds of the white flower will be given to every man, woman, and child in my kingdom. Every man, woman, and child is commanded to plant, water, and take care of this flower. To those who have no land, land will be given, or they may plant by the roadside, in a box, tub, or pot. But each one must plant his own seeds and take care of them. I am going away from you now; but in six months' time I shall return, and see if you have obeyed my law."

It was not a hard thing to plant a few seeds, and rather than take a chance at being punished, every one went to work digging in the soil and planting.

Soon there was less quarreling, because every one was talking and thinking about the flowers. There was no room in their minds for evil thoughts because they were thinking of beauty. Another strange thing happened, people started to help one and another. The strong boys and men carried water and pulled up weeds for the mothers and little children. Every one began to look healthier and more cheerful. As the flower buds appeared the people even cleaned up their back yards because they did not like to see beautiful plants in dirty surroundings.



By Arthur G. Eldredge.

## My Garden.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!

Rose plot,

Fringed pool,

Ferned grot—

The veriest school

Of peace; and yet the fool

Contentends that God is not!

Not God! In gardens! when the eve is cool?

Nay, but I have a sign;

'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

THOMAS EDWARD BROWN.

At last the six months were up. The king returned to his country, and rode through his kingdom. The air was fragrant; and every ugly place was hidden and filled with beauty. Oh, how happy he was, as he looked about him! It seemed as if the whole land was a mass of lovely white flowers, and all the people were working and glad. They

shouted for joy when they saw that their king had come back. He turned to them with tears in his eyes, though not for sorrow, and said: "Beloved people, you have made for yourselves a most happy and prosperous kingdom. Keep it so, by filling your hands with work to do, and you will always be joyous and know good fortune."



### Two Schools.

I PUT my heart to school  
In the world where men grow wise.  
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;  
Come back when you win a prize."

My heart came back again.  
"Now where is the prize?" I cried.  
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,  
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school  
In the woods where the veeries sing,  
And brooks run cool and clear;  
In the fields, where wild flowers spring,  
And the blue of heaven bends near.  
"Go out," I said, "you are half a fool,  
And perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,  
My heart, and where do you roam?"  
The answer came with a laugh and a song—  
"I find this school is home."

HENRY VAN DYKE.

### The Secret.

WE have a secret, just we three,  
The robin, and I, and the sweet cherry tree;  
The bird told the tree, and the tree told me,  
And nobody knows it but just we three.

But of course the robin knows it best,  
Because she built the—I shan't tell the rest;  
And laid the four little—something in it—  
I'm afraid I shall tell it every minute.

But if the tree and the robin don't peep,  
I'll try my best the secret to keep,  
Though I know when the little birds fly about,  
Then the whole secret will be out.

*Selected.*

### Hillside Farm.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WATERS.

"WHAT are your plans?"  
Judge Allen had just put eighty dollars in Ralph's hands. It was all that was left of his guardian's dwindled estate, and the judge had deducted no fee for his services.

"Is everything paid?" asked the boy.  
"Everything."

"He never could bear to be in debt. I'd want everything paid if it took the last dollar. He left me something better than money."

"He left a legacy to all who knew him," said the judge, reverently.

Up to a few days before, when the judge had warned him, the boy had expected that there would be enough left to give him his start in college. After the start he'd manage to get along somehow, he thought with the optimism of youth.

"You can stay here as long as you like while you are making up your mind, or if you will you can make your home here while you earn money for college," said the judge.

"I think I will go to my aunt in the East," said Ralph. "She wanted to take me, you know, when my parents died. But father had wanted me to stay with Mr. Birney. She is a widow, and I believe in comfortable circumstances. I remember she was very, very kind, and seemed quite anxious to have me. Perhaps she will be able to

help me get a start on my education. Anyway, I'll go and see her."

"Don't you think you'd better write first? I can help you to get something to do around here while you're waiting."

"I'd rather go right on. If there's nothing there for me I can come back, and go to work here."

In truth, the lonely boy was longing just then for some one of his own. The thought of the gentle motherly aunt, whom he had seen when he was a small boy, was drawing him. He would go to the only members of his family that remained alive.

He started the next day. And during the long, dull journey no doubts came to him. He had not heard from his aunt for two years. That was his own fault. He was a bad correspondent and had left so many letters unanswered. But he was very sure that he would be welcome.

He landed in the little town of Cressville in the evening. A man at the station pointed out the road he must take to reach his aunt's farm. It was straight away from the town, a mile out, and on a road that he could not miss.

"First house t'other side of the cross-roads schoolhouse," the man said. And Ralph trudged away in high spirits.

"I didn't know she lived on a farm," he said to himself. "I'll like that, though. I can be of some use, and earn the money for college."

Fresh from a flat Western city as he was, he could not help noting the beauty of the place. It was the region of which the natives said in grim jest that they stood their farms on end, and farmed both sides. Some of the roadside farms rose in billowy fields, and all looked back upon the sky line of the Alleghanies. The orchards were in bloom, making pale blurs in the sweet night air. Before he had thought of being tired Ralph reached the house next to the schoolhouse. He could see lights from the windows, and noticed that this house was set in a perfect thicket of growing things. With a fast-beating heart he walked up between rows of bushes, and pulled the bell. Steps came along a bare hall, and the door was opened a little way. It was a young girl who peeped out. Ralph had expected to find his cousin a small child, and he was somewhat startled.

"I am Ralph Leighton," he said. "Is this where Mrs. Barry lives?"

The girl flung the door wide open. "Mother, mother!" she called; "it's Cousin Ralph."

There was no doubt of his welcome. His aunt hugged him, and cried over him because he was so like his father. Theodora flew to get supper for him. And both hovered about him in a way that was new but very pleasant to a homesick boy.

They did not talk over things that evening nor the next day. Theodora showed him the farm and the woods on the mountain-side behind it. Ralph, who was a real nature lover, thought it was beautiful.

"It is beautiful!" said Theodora, looking back, and Ralph was surprised to see tears in her eyes. "I wish the old thing was worth more. It won't make a living for any one. We've been letting the fields out on shares since mother and I are alone, and it doesn't pay at all. But I love it, anyway."

This speech puzzled Ralph. But he soon forgot it in exclaiming over Theodora's little fluffy chicks. "Chickens are profit-

able," he said. "A fellow that I went to school with is making his money for college with them. His folks moved out on a farm. He says it takes a lot of study and work, but it pays if you run it right."

"I wish we had known how to run it right," said Theodora.

"It isn't too late," said Ralph. He was wondering already if his college money couldn't come that way. He had enough money to buy an incubator and some good eggs. He could raise the feed. A fortune appeared to be in plain sight.

That evening his aunt called him after Theodora had gone upstairs.

"Of course, Ralph," she said, "I want you to consider our home yours. You'll always find plenty of love here if little else. I wish I could give you money to complete your education, but in truth, my boy, we have fallen on hard times."

"Why, Aunt Rose, if you'll just let me have a little room here, I'll look out for myself, and help you a bit, too."

"We are leaving the farm," she said sadly. "It has been a losing venture for two women. We are moving into town next month, and Theodora and I are going to do dress-making."

Ralph was stunned. He thought of the sleepy country town he had seen from the station. How could a boy make money, and get ahead? And his aunt and cousin spending their lives at ill-paid work. Then he decided that he had something to say. They were his people, and he was the only "man" of the family.

"Aunt Rose, won't you try it another year with me? I don't know a thing. But I can learn, and I can work. Surely, we can make a living this year, and maybe next year we can make it pay. I want to try. I haven't any musty theories. I'll get all new, up-to-date ones. I heard a professor say in a lecture that an ignorant man, willing to learn, was more likely to succeed at farming than one with a lot of old notions and methods, even if he was experienced. I'm one of the family. If things have been hard for you, let me try to help. We will share each other's fortunes."

Aunt Rose brushed away the tears. "Dear lad, if the farm were mine I'd gladly turn it over to you. You're the kind that will succeed. But there's a mortgage that falls due next month. I haven't even the interest, and I know it is useless to ask to have the time extended."

"How much is it?"

"Four hundred dollars."

"Oh, Aunt Rose, we can't give up this farm for four hundred dollars! I'll go and see the man. I can pay the interest, and I'll see if he won't give us a year longer. We can make it in a year."

Optimism is contagious. Aunt Rose looked more hopeful as she gave him the directions to get to Mr. Muller's house.

Ralph set out the next morning, full of high hope. He came back somewhat subdued. He had carried his point, and the mortgage was extended for a year. From the small amount he had still remaining he had paid the year's interest that was due. He hadn't enough left now to take him back to his former home and friends even if he should desire to go. He had staked all on the farm, and the amount of cold water that shrewd old Mr. Muller had poured on his plans left him still doubtful.

But he was not a flabby-minded person.



He made his plans, and went to work that very day. He wrote to his old professor, who was now in an agricultural college, and asked for the best books on the kind of work he meant to take up. To his astonishment he learned that he could get the books free of cost from Uncle Sam's library. He sent for them at once. With his depleted resources he felt he could not afford an incubator that year, but he bought some good eggs, and encouraged every hen that showed a disposition to "set." He trimmed the old orchard trees, and sprayed them. He mastered the intricacies of plowing, with Aunt Rose to direct him, and got the garden ready. He was going to make a large truck garden, as they were near enough to the city to have a ready market. Then he meant to raise enough food for the chickens. He went over to the old barn, and cleaned and whitewashed until it looked like a different place. Aunt Rose had but one cow, but Ralph meant that the one should have sanitary surroundings. In the evenings he pored over his books. He intended to make it a chicken farm ultimately, but he realized that he must neglect no resource if he were going to make four hundred dollars in the next year. And with an unfamiliar grim setting of his jaws he said, "I'm going to make it."

He liked his work as he had never liked anything he had undertaken before. The sense that it all depended on him, that he could work out a big thing or fail, was inspiring to him. He confided to his aunt that he felt he must be a natural-born farmer. When he went into the fields in the morning he would look off at the pearl and rosy clouds with a thrill of joy. He rejoiced over the new growing things, and the wooded mountain-side always allured him.

The first two months he had been so busy that there never seemed time for a walk. Then one afternoon Theodora exclaimed, "You must come for a walk, Ralph, the rhododendrons are out, and they are worth seeing."

So Ralph went for the walk, and he never forgot the beauty of that mountain-side clothed in rhododendron blooms. He had seen a few of the shrubs on lawns in his home city, but he had not dreamed of their possibilities.

So enthusiastic was he that he drove the horse and wagon up to the edge of the woods, and took up several of the smaller shrubs in full bloom. He disturbed the roots little, and the plants, when settled along the orchard fence, scarcely checked their growth.

"If I had these in the right place, I could make money with them," said Ralph.

"Such a boy!" mocked Theodora. "You see money in everything. Just think, mother, he said he could sell even the lilacs and irises if he had them in the city."

After Ralph saw that his rhododendrons were fairly established he rather forgot them, so absorbed did he become in the rush of work.

Ralph had the usual struggles and disappointments the first year. His truck garden did pretty well, and he was business man enough to get the best market. The orchards brought in almost nothing. That was to be expected, since they had been neglected. He had great hopes of them the next season, but they did not help towards that four hundred dollars that he must have next May. The chickens, too,

did very well, but there were not enough to expect the gains to mount high even if they did lay when eggs mounted to fifty cents a dozen.

"We'll be prosperous next year, though," said Ralph, hopefully, when they talked it over.

"If we can make a payment I believe Mr. Muller would give us another year," said Mrs. Barry.

"I don't want him to. He said I couldn't do it, and I must," said Ralph, determinedly.

When winter shut down in earnest, and there was little to do on the farm, Ralph tried to get work in town to help out. But there was little to be had. He thought with regret of the many odd jobs to be had in a city.

March found him with but one hundred and fifty dollars in the bank. His face was growing haggard with the worry of his struggle. He could borrow. He was sure Judge Allen would lend him the money. But he had wanted so much to do it all himself. If he could master this problem, it looked to him like a good augury for the future. One dull day when his work was done early he left his books for a tramp in the woods. He climbed the steep slope, finding some satisfaction in the struggle.

"If there was only something I could do, it wouldn't matter how hard it was. It does seem hard that a fellow can't make things go, when he's willing to pay in effort."

(Continued on p. 162.)

## The Voyage.

THE wind is in our gleaming sail,  
The harbor lights are low;  
We do not fail a friendly hail,  
As out to sea we go.  
Her course she lays beyond the bays;  
The day of doubt is done.  
For blame or praise we sound the ways  
Where all His rivers run.

And is a golden fleece our quest?  
Or else a Holy Grail?  
At what great emperor's behest  
Dare we the reef and gale?  
Whose is this ship that loves the trip,  
And who would have it so?  
What is this message on our lip?  
Ah, friend, I do not know.

But Captain Courage and his crew  
To Pilot Faith defer,  
And Hope, the mate, is strong and true,  
And Love is passenger,  
So fare we on, no coward fear  
This beating blood can chill;  
And, though the port be far or near,  
O heart, be tranquil still.

JAMES B. FITZGERALD,  
*in Youth's Companion.*



## A Sunday School Play.

AN original play of Colonial times, "Signing of the Treaty between Pilgrims and Indians," was presented by children from the Sunday school of the Third Religious Society, Dorchester, at a May Party given in the Parish House. The play was written by Mrs. Mary A. Murray, and proved to be exceedingly well adapted for children's use. As the illustration given above shows, the costumes for both "Pilgrims" and "Indians" gave a picturesque value to the presentation. There were three

scenes. The first represented a council chamber, with Carver, Bradford, and Williams in earnest conversation. The second was an attractive group of maidens with Mistress Winthrop; while the third introduced all the characters with the Indians, when the treaty is signed and the peace-pipe lighted.

Mrs. Murray has also written other plays which have been successfully presented by the school.





PLAYING THE OLD GAME.

### An Old Game.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

NOW that the Spring is o'er the land,  
And grass is growing, green and sweet,  
Where the schoolhouse road and the wood-  
path meet,  
I see them circling hand in hand,  
With rosy cheeks by May wind fanned.  
As they follow the tune with dancing feet,  
Laughing lips the old rhyme repeat:  
"Round the green carpet here we stand."

"Round the green carpet here we stand,"—  
This magic carpet in secret done  
By the old earth circling round the sun.  
O countless as the grains of sand  
The lads and lassies who, hand in hand,  
Since first its rolling course begun,  
Have through these rhythmic measures run:  
"Take your true love by the hand."

"Choose the one you love the best"  
Standing in the magic ring.  
How the laughing playmates fling  
Over and over the old-time jest:  
"Choose the one you love the best"—  
(Words that mean such a trifling thing  
To the untaught, childish hearts that sing.)  
"Before you close your eyes to rest."

Before you close your eyes to rest  
Such busy years shall pass away—  
The bright, swift years of work and play—  
And you shall be the great world's guest.  
Then play the game with joy and zest.  
Begin with dance and song your day,  
And love and choose as best you may  
Before you close your eyes to rest!

### The May Basket.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

ETHEL sat flat on the floor, her legs crossed, Turk fashion, beneath her; a dish of paste, a pile of baskets, and many sheets of different colored tissue paper before her.

It was the first day of May. There must be a basket for Grace, and Johnny, and Nell; and one for mother and Aunt Sue; and—oh, yes!—for the twins down the road, besides Harry and Minnie Grey.

She hummed softly as her bright scissors clipped—clipped—steadily away, every now and then breaking into glad little trills of song. But suddenly the humming ceased, and a little frown came to her face. She had forgotten Hetty Lee!

For a full minute she sat very still. Then she spoke. "I just hate to bother with Hetty Lee's basket!" she said.

Mrs. Dean took a few more stitches, and waited.

"She always hangs such mean old ones, if she hangs any at all," Ethel pouted. "I'm just going to let it go this year. Some of the girls will be sure to give her one."

"Perhaps so." Mrs. Dean's voice was low. "It would be a great pity if they didn't happen to, wouldn't it?"

"Well," the frown growing darker, "she never gave one of us a thing last year!" The scissors went on clipping, but there was no sound now of either humming or singing.

Presently Mrs. Dean laid aside her sewing. "What a pretty basket!" she exclaimed admiringly.

Ethel held it up—all pink and white, and gold. "It's the very best one of all," she

said proudly. "I'm going to put that orange in that Pa gave me last night, and hang it for Nell. She always gives such nice ones!"

"Did you ever think, daughter," Mrs. Dean asked, "that there was more than one way of giving? You have twenty-five cents to spend on May baskets, for instance, and Nellie has five dollars. Hetty, I suppose, hasn't even five cents, for her mother is very poor."

Ethel twitched her shoulders a little crossly.

Mrs. Dean arose and began to lay the table for tea. "When you were sick with measles last month," she said quietly, "it wasn't Nellie who gave up so many of the bright afternoons to stay in a dark room and read to you. It was Hetty."

For as much as ten minutes there was not a sound in the room except the little rustle of paper as Ethel set one after another of the completed baskets one side. Then a happy little song broke from her lips, and jumping up she held the admired basket before her mother. "It's for Hetty," she nodded. "Giving *does* mean a lot, doesn't it, mother, when we remember it's not just the things we make and buy, but *what we do*, also? And oh," her eyes very bright, "do you s'pose she'd be pleased if I went without my square of cake to-night and put it in beside the orange?"

Mrs. Dean smiled into the flushed, eager face. "More than Hetty would be pleased," she said softly, "and I will go without mine, too; then you can have a big square. And never forget, little daughter," stooping to kiss the smiling mouth, "that the deeds we give, and the kindnesses we receive, are of more value by far than those measured by dollars and cents."



## For the Quiet Hour.

### THE MORNING AND THE EVENING.

COMPILED BY REV. EDWARD D. JOHNSON.

Serve the Lord with gladness. Give thanks unto him. *Bible.*

#### FOR THE MORNING.

"O God, I thank thee that the night  
In peace and rest hath passed away,  
And that I see in this fair light  
My Father's smile—that makes it day."

#### FOR THE EVENING.

"Sweet sleep descends, my eyes to close;  
And now when all the world is still,  
I give my body to repose,  
My spirit to my Father's will."

JOHN PIERPONT.

#### Prayer.

OUR God and Father, whose love is in the heavens and in the earth, we thank thee for all the love and beauty of thy world. We thank thee for the stars and the flowers, for the birds and for the hills and fields, the woods and the sea and the creatures that live there. We thank thee for happy hearts and smiling faces and kindly deeds. We thank thee for our homes and loved ones, for all who have made our lives so full of pleasure and comfort. Teach us how to bring comfort and happiness to others. Help us to be thoughtful, generous and helpful, and teach us in all we do to be obedient children of a Father's loving will. Amen.

### Sunday School News.

A VERY attractive little operetta, "Fairies of the Fountains," was given by the children of the Unitarian Sunday school at Fairhaven, Mass., to secure money for the Belgian Relief fund. The children were well trained by a committee of teachers from the school, and the entertainment was very successful in every way. The sum of fifty dollars was secured and sent in as the contribution of the Fairhaven school to the Belgian fund, with the hope that many little children may be helped by it.

A fourteen-year-old pupil of the First Unitarian Sunday School, San Francisco, Cal., Miss Edith Murdock, sends the following news item from that school:

"Our Sunday school here is quite large. Lately we have been having a race. On the wall is a large map of the world. On the map are two ships which are traveling around the world. These boats are advanced by the attendance. When a scholar is there he counts twenty miles; if he is late he counts only ten miles. When a new scholar comes in he counts one hundred miles.

"Every scholar in the school is on one boat or the other. The teachers are the crew, and then each boat has a certain captain and a purser elected at the beginning of the voyage. We are in Singapore now and we were there quite a little ahead of the other boat. According to the agreement the other boat has to give us an entertainment.

"When we have finished this voyage, I hope we will take another voyage. I think it is very interesting. I hope other Sunday schools have races too."

## Edward Writes of the Exposition.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF THE ADVENTURES OF A BOSTON BOY AND HIS COUSIN.

BY EDWARD T. MARTIN.

"MOTHER, Mother," Edward Kitson wrote home from San Francisco, "what a sight it was at the Exposition. How sorry I am you could not remain over and see the opening. How glad I am that you and father were willing that I should stay. Opening day with its crowds from everywhere was grand. Each succeeding day seems an improvement on the other, and all the time one keeps finding new objects of interest. Jim is there,—our old friend Jim Davis the guide. He watches for Ed and me. We do not have much spare change to give him, but that is no matter. He is our friend, and if he cannot take us, tells us where to go and what to see. Really the crowds of people, men and women from everywhere, form one of the most interesting of the many things to be seen at the grounds.

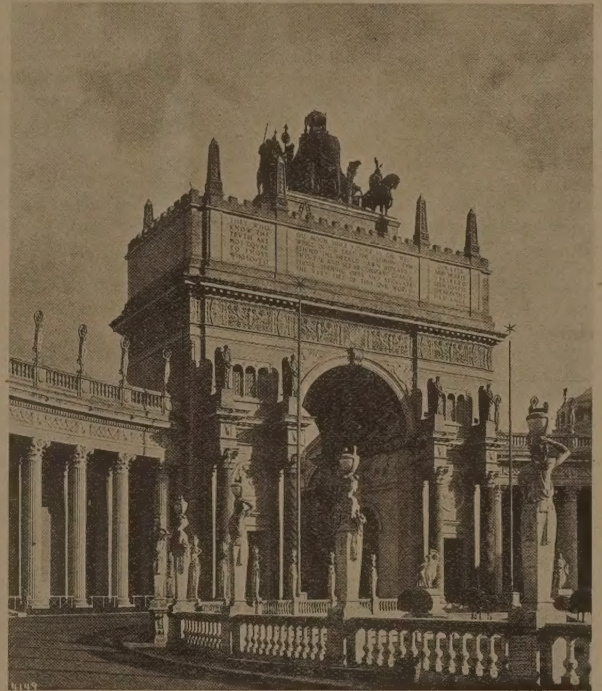
"Dark-hued East Indians with shawls of priceless cashmere bound around their heads and bedecked with jewels until they shine and shimmer in rivalry with the great tower at the entrance to the exhibition palaces with its one hundred and fifty thousand hand-made prisms all sparkling in the sun or glittering in the glare of hundreds of searchlights; half-clad islanders from the South Seas in native costumes; dainty little Japanese maids and quaint Chinese whose women wear the trousers, and men with long blouses hanging down like skirts; fierce bearded Cossacks from the Don; stout, good-natured English men and women; people from every nation and in the dress of every country under the sun, and I would not be surprised to see some odd-looking group of strangers wandering around, and hear it announced, 'Yes, they are from the planet Mars. Just in by air ship.' At any rate if such people could be secured, the Exposition management would get them if energy and money could bring the result about.

"The conversation—each person talking in his own language—is as it must have been at the Tower of Babel when the confusion of tongues took place.

"Next to the people, the marine display interests me most. The great fleet of American warships isn't here yet, and will not come until July, but the old 'Oregon,' the bulldog of the navy, is, and so besides are several large cruisers and many gunboats, destroyers, torpedo boats, and submarines. Too bad the entire fleet is not here. Never mind, though. I've been all over the 'Oregon,' from the top of her fighting mast to down deep in her coal bunkers. Even now

the bay is full of ships. Great ocean liners, merchant ships, coast-wise traders, white-winged yachts, and crowds line the water-front of the exposition grounds watching the display.

"One remarkable sight in this connection is the hundreds, maybe thousands—I don't know—of sea gulls; big, long-winged fellows that are as tame as barnyard fowl. They circle around the ships, gorging themselves with scraps of food and refuse thrown overboard, then circle landward over the grounds and perch on the buildings, else perhaps find a party of picknickers, and really appear to beg, yes, actually beg, for scraps of meat and crusts of bread. One man created a whole lot of excitement by walking through the tropical gardens followed by a hundred gulls flying close over the heads of the many persons watching the performance. He had several loaves of bread, and was breaking off chunks and tossing the pieces to them, which



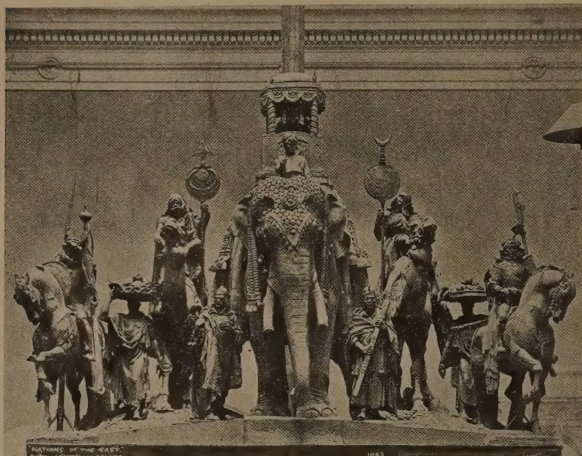
COURT OF THE UNIVERSE.

they would grab no matter where they fell. This all made such confusion that the police finally stopped it.

"An old couple from a Western farm created much amusement by their talk. 'Oh, look at the doves of peace,' the old lady said. 'Isn't it nice to see them flying around that way?'

"'They are not doves of peace,' her husband answered. 'They're—they're—one of the exhibits; some tame birds from the Antipodes, a fellow told me, wherever that is. A place in China, I guess,' and while the old people were studying over the matter, Jim stepped up and explained matters to their satisfaction. Afterwards he piloted us around. First over to the Court of the Universe, where he pointed out the crowning groups of statuary: The Nations of the West, all emigrants and Indians; and the Nations of the East with a great elephant as center and Warriors of the Desert on each side; a regular Arabian Nights sort of group, and fine, I tell you, but not much nicer than





THE NATIONS OF THE EAST.

a lot more of the statues. The court was filled with orange trees, all loaded down with the golden fruit.

"Then Jim took us to the exhibit of fish where in ten great glass tanks were the rainbow fish from the Hawaiian Islands, seventy-five different kinds of them, all like a fairy dream in shapes and colorings. The strangest of the lot is the bladder fish or kala. It looks exactly like a hog's bladder painted and gilded in blue and gold with a forked tail, to each fork of which is attached a regular pennon of a streamer which, when the kala swims, flops out two or three feet behind like the homeward bound flag of a battleship in a gale of wind. Seen by itself, each variety seems more strange, more beautiful than the others. All are wonderful and draw great crowds of sight-seers. The water they live in is brought from twenty-five miles out in the ocean so as to avoid impurities, and is kept at an even temperature, seventy-two degrees, and the food they eat is from Hawaii.

"Near by, and by way of contrast, is a tank of devil fish, the octopus of the South Seas. 'What ugly monsters,' I said to Jim. He only laughed, then after a little replied, 'No, no, only baby monsters. The arms of the largest of these have a reach of but two or three feet. You should see their granddaddy whose arms were fifteen or twenty feet long. He was so large they couldn't make a tank safe enough to keep him in. Whenever they would put him there was danger of his reaching over and grabbing something, if only a baby or a lady's hat, and once he has taken hold, the only way to get him loose is to cut his arm off, so in the interest of safety none but the little ones will be on exhibition, and I do not care to shake hands even with one of them. You think those Hawaiian fish are fine,' Jim continued. 'Well, they are not in it with California's own golden trout. These are not only more graceful, but are more beautifully marked. The difficulty of exhibiting them, though, is in getting water pure enough and keeping it cold enough to suit their delicate natures.'

"After studying the fish awhile, Jim insisted we must visit the Zone, and take in the amusements, although we told him we had been there several times. Millions of dollars have been spent in getting new things for visitors to see. The Panama Canal, for instance, an exact model of the big one, and costing \$400,000. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado, built at about the same expense,

as much in water as on land. An old sailor man told us that in their island home he has seen these people bridle a man-eating shark, ride him bareback through the water, then kill him with a knife. That is a fishy tale. I don't believe it, at least not all. The islander may have put a stick, sharp-pointed at each end, between the shark's jaws, so when it closed its mouth it would be held fast. There may have been a rope attached which resembled a halter, and perhaps the fish was killed with a knife or spear, but riding it bareback! No, I would not believe it even if a whole battleship full of old salts said it was true.

"The Japanese village, of the same character as the Chinese, is near by. Not so dainty and nice as the temple and tea house affair, but true to life, and showing the ways of living of the poorer class even as the other concession does of the rich.

"Then there are acres upon acres of flowers that have been in bloom all winter. The whole thing, grounds, buildings, exhibits, ships, people, trees, and flowers, is a most wonderful thing to see. Its equal will never be found in a lifetime. It is good to be in San Francisco. Good to be able to visit the Exposition grounds every day and to take in the wonderful sights, and I dread the letter which I am expecting daily that will say, 'You have been there long enough. Come home.'"

### From Our Young Contributors.

"FORGET-ME-NOTS."

BY GRACE LUSTIG.

Far in the shadows of the dim, cool woods,  
Beside a merry, laughing, babbling brook,  
I found a cluster of forget-me-nots,  
Hidden in moss where few would think to look.

As it grew there it seemed a bit of heaven  
That dainty, delicate, starry, pale blue flower;  
A charming bit of God's own handiwork,  
Concealed by Nature in that woodland bower.

Surrounded by their dainty, pale green leaves  
They seemed to brighten up that forest dell.  
For memory's sake I left them growing there,  
To cast on others, too, their mystic spell.

No man hath ever known or said  
How many there may be,  
But each tree helpeth to make a shade,  
Each leaf to make a tree.

HOLMES.

(Continued from p. 159.)

He came to the place where the rhododendrons had spread their veil of beauty last June. "If I had these in town now!" he said. And then, walking farther, he dismissed the thought.

After supper that evening he went to the post-office. While waiting until the postmaster, who was also storekeeper, was at leisure, he heard two elderly loungers talking of a former townsman who was now a millionaire.

"He's built him a regular palace just outside Philadelphia," said one. "And he's laying out a park that's going to be the finest around. Why, he's going to plant hundreds of rhododendrons. Just our common kind off the mountains."

"I recollect he always did like them," said the other.

"Yes, he's going to send his gardener up next fall to buy a lot of them."

Ralph went out, his thoughts in a whirl.

Some one was going to buy hundreds of rhododendrons, but next fall would be too late for him.

He went to the post-office, bought envelope and paper, and wrote a letter. The name and address of the millionaire were familiar to every one about. In the letter he put his good reasons for moving the plants now, at once, instead of waiting until fall. He offered to send any number required, securely packed, and he would replace all that failed to grow. "And you can enjoy your flowers this year, instead of waiting until next," he concluded.

He did not tell Aunt Rose and Theodora. The chance, coldly analyzed, was too vague, though Ralph clung to it as a definite promise.

A week later the answer came. Ralph came in with pale face and shaking fingers and laid the letter before his aunt.

"Here is the rest of the money, and something over for incubators, and things we need this spring," he said.

It was some time before they could really settle down to discuss it.

"A thousand rhododendrons!" cried Aunt Rose.

"Four hundred dollars!" cried Theodora.

"Maybe not quite that," said Ralph. "I'll have to buy burlap for packing, and I may have to buy some of the plants of the neighbors, for I won't strip our woods entirely. We want to enjoy their beauty, too. We can appreciate them if we're not millionaires."

He got his plants away by the end of March. He had done all the work himself, too. A month later he received his check with the information that the plants were in a flourishing condition.

When he marched up to the Muller farmhouse in May, with his new check-book in his pocket, he felt like a real conqueror.

Mr. Muller looked more surprised than any one had ever seen him before. But he recovered himself and wrote out the receipt and delivered the note.

"You do good," he said, examining Ralph's check minutely. "I guess you don't walk in the ways other folks make. You look around, and make new ways for yourself. That's good for young folks. I'm glad you did so well."

TRUTH does not change; what changes is merely our understanding of the Eternal Fact.





## PAGE FOR LITTLE READERS



FROM the shores of the wonderful  
Dreamland Sea,  
The Sandman comes to you and  
me;  
He gathers the sand from the shin-  
ing beach  
To blow in the eyes of all in reach.  
We rub our eyes with the greatest  
care,  
But the sand, somehow, seems  
fastened there;  
And the jolly old Sandman laughs  
with glee  
To see us rub so busily.  
Whenever he throws his sand  
around,  
Some in the eyes of all is found;

He throws it at children and grown-  
ups, too,  
Though they don't feel it as children  
do.

Whenever he fills our eyes with  
sand,  
He warns us it's time for Slumber-  
land,  
Where we can rest till another day,  
And wake up refreshed for school  
or play.

And then, when all are fast asleep,  
He gathers his sand-bags in a heap,  
Wraps them, and ties them, and  
merrily

Goes back to his home by the  
Dreamland Sea.

## A Bedtime Story.

"I DON'T want to go to bed!"  
cried Elizabeth, and her face was  
all puckered up into a scowl.

"Well, well!" exclaimed grand-  
mother. "I wonder what the little  
white sheep on the hillside would say  
to a little girl who did not want to get  
under the fleecy white blankets that  
were made from the wool taken from  
their backs?"

Elizabeth stopped crying to listen.  
"I wonder," continued grandmother,  
"what the geese in the pond would say  
to a little girl who did not want to  
lay her curly head on a pillow made  
from the soft down that grew on their  
breasts?"

Elizabeth drew nearer grandmother.  
"I wonder," went on her grand-

mother, "what the silkworms on the  
mulberry tree would say to a little girl  
who did not care to use the pretty  
quilt made from the fine silken threads  
which took them so long to spin?"

Elizabeth climbed up into grand-  
mother's lap. "Please tell me some  
more," she coaxed. "You may un-  
button the buttons," she added. "I'll  
get ready for bed now."

"I wonder," went on grandmother's  
gentle voice, "what a certain delicate  
blue flower would say to a little girl  
who did not know that from the stalks  
of its plant threads are obtained, and  
that the threads make the nice, white  
linen for Elizabeth's pillow-cover, Eliz-  
abeth's crib sheets, and Elizabeth's  
dainty little nightgown?"

"I don't mind going to bed now,"  
and Elizabeth laughed.

"The little lambs are safe in the  
fold," said grandmother, as she laid  
Elizabeth down, "and the little gos-  
lings are asleep under their mother's  
wing, the pretty blue flowers of the  
flax-plant have closed their petals, and  
they have—all—gone—to—sleep."  
Grandmother's voice was getting  
softer and softer—and—softer. Eliz-  
abeth was getting sleepier and sleepier  
—and—sleepier. Now grandmother's  
voice was still. Elizabeth was fast  
asleep.

GERTRUDE W. FIELDER,  
*in the Youth's Companion.*

## The Sleepy Song.

AS soon as the fire burns red and  
low  
And the house upstairs is still,  
She sings me a queer little sleepy  
song  
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and  
soft,  
Their colors are gray and white;  
They follow their leader nose to  
tail,  
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over and one comes  
next,  
And one runs after behind.  
The gray one's nose at the white  
one's tail,  
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to the top of the  
hill  
They quickly slip away.  
But one runs over and one comes  
next,  
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they  
go,  
And over the top of the hill  
The good little sheep run quick and  
soft,  
And the house upstairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes  
next,  
The good little, gray little sheep!  
I watch how the fire burns red and  
low,  
And she says that I fall asleep.

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM.



## THE BEACON

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## From the Editor to You.

Hearts as  
Gardens.

When you see a beautiful garden, like the one pictured on the first page of this number of *The Beacon*, do you think how much care and pains it took to make it so lovely? The ground had to be made ready, bulbs, roots, and seeds put in, the shrubs, plants, and vines pruned, watered, and taken care of day by day.

Then God did his part with sunshine and rain. Everything grew, even some things not wanted. There were weeds to pull up—such hard work! But at last blossoming time comes, and then all the hours of work and waiting are forgotten.

There is a blossoming time for hearts, too. It is seed-sowing and planting time for boys and girls, to be sure; but it is flower time as well. Keep your heart open to God's sunshine, and thoughts as beautiful as long white lilies, and ways of speaking and doing as lovely as fragrant roses, will blossom in your heart's garden. Is it May-time in your soul to-day?

## Books for Little People.

TWO volumes have recently been added to the series of *Bedtime Story Books*, by Thornton W. Burgess. They recount the adventures of Danny Meadow Mouse and Grandfather Frog. They add to Mr. Burgess's steadily widening popularity, and offer new delights to his many child friends. Sleepy eyes will be kept open a bit longer by the excitement and interest of the various chapters. Grandfather Frog smiles on the cover of the first book, as he talks to Danny Meadow Mouse, and weeps on the cover of the second as he finds himself a prisoner, unable to climb up the smooth walls of the spring into which he has jumped. The animal adventures not only afford amusement for little readers, they give bits of life wisdom which cannot fail to benefit those for whom the books are planned. Not the least attractive features of the books are the rhymes scattered here and there. All *Beacon* readers, big and little, will enjoy the lines which close Danny's adventures.

"And so you see what temper does  
For those who give it rein;  
It cheats them of the very thing  
They seek so hard to gain."

The books are skillfully illustrated by Harrison Cady.

*The Adventures of Danny Meadow Mouse, The Adventures of Grandfather Frog.* By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrations by Harrison Cady. 50 cents each. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

## THE BEACON CLUB

Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper. Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

TWO sisters who have attended the Sunday school of the Church of Our Father, East Boston, for a year and a half, write letters to ask to be admitted to our Club. They are Florence Campagna (8), from the class taught by Miss Emma Reed; and Emma Campagna (7), one member of a class of fourteen whose teacher is Miss Pote. Now comes a good letter from the Middle West.

URBANA, ILL.,  
1004 Mathews Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have taken and enjoyed *The Beacon* for two years and we started having it at Sunday school last year.

I am in the oldest class of nine. There are thirty-five in all and five classes. Mother is superintendent so she has all *The Beacons* sent here and I distribute them.

The little boys clamor for their *Beacon*, and think it a great joke to say: "My! but doesn't this *Bacon* taste good?"

Sincerely yours,  
EDITH BROOKS.  
(Age 15.)

EASTONDALE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday school at Eastondale. Our class is called the Unity Class. Girls from 14 years to 19 years. We have had many good times and are planning for more. I would like to become a member of Beacon Club, and have a pin.

Yours very truly,  
BERTHA M. FISKE.

GRAFTON, MASS.,

Dear Miss Buck,—I like to get out the enigmas in *The Beacon*, and my brother does too. I hope everybody does. I like the stories in *The Beacon*. I

like the puzzles in it. I go to church and Sunday school too. I would like to join the Beacon Club. I am seven years old. I have been having some nice sliding this vacation. My brothers have been building over a double runner and it is fine now.

Yours sincerely,  
KENNETH ELWELL WARREN.

HUBBARDSTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school, our superintendent is Mrs. Hubbard and our teacher is Mrs. Wheeler.

There are eight girls in our class and about forty-five go to the Sunday school.

We have *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much.

At Christmas time all three churches of our town joined together and had a Christmas Tree and the children of the Sunday schools gave a Cantata.

Yours truly,  
RUBY CROCKETT.

PROVIDENCE, R.I.,  
38 Sumter Street.

My dear Miss Buck,—I have been a member of the Westminster Unitarian Sunday school for seven years.

I used to take the *Every Other Sunday*, also my Grandmother when she was a girl, but since they print *The Beacon*, I take it every Sunday and enjoy it very much.

I would like to be a member of the Beacon Club, may I?

Yours truly,  
VIOLA C. KEENAN.

Yes, Viola. We are glad to have a member of our Club whose family received *Every Other Sunday* and enjoyed it. We hope *The Beacon* will be published as many years as was our paper under its former name.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA LX.

I am made up of 19 letters.  
My 14, 4, 19, 6, is a catalogue.  
My 12, 15, 3, 10, is to restore health.  
My 1, 7, 16, 17, is for dressing the hair.  
My 11, 18, 5, 2, is haste.  
My 9, 13, 8, is a climbing herb.  
My whole is the name of a great man.

KATHERINE W. CHADWICK.

## ENIGMA LXI.

I am composed of 14 letters.  
My 7, 4, 1, is a serpent-like fish.  
My 3, 8, 11, is a kind of tank.  
My 9, 10, 5, 6, is a time of day.  
My 12, 13, 14, 2, is a brave man.  
My whole is Christ's new commandment.

ANNA SCHWARTZ.

## ENIGMA LXII.

I am composed of 14 letters.  
My 7, 6, 10, is a male person.  
My 3, 4, 14, is the past tense of a verb.  
My 5, 1, 7, is meat.  
My 10, 12, 4, 5, is a Bible character.  
My 2, 6, 8, 13, is a boy's game.  
My 9, 14, is a preposition.  
My 11, 1, 8, 8, is to shout.  
My whole is one of the presidents of the United States.

ISABEL CAREY.

## AN ANAGRAM TITLE.

O'er Tart.

Gabe Gibson glared at Peter Pascal,  
And growled,—the pathway was not wide,—  
"I never turn out for a rascal!"  
"I do," said Pete, and stepped aside.

The Wellspring.

## A FISHING EXCURSION.

Name the following fish from the clues given.

1. A planetary fish.
2. A color.
3. To find fault.
4. A lance.
5. A canine.
6. A feline.
7. A weapon.
8. A kind of tree.
9. A Michigan town.
10. A precious metal.
11. The source of light.
12. A winter pastime.
13. In a cage.

HERMANN H. HOWARD.

## BROKEN WORDS.

(Find a word to fill the single blank, and divide it into smaller words to fill the other blanks.)

1. All were not —, but John —.
2. One of his small — was the climbing —.
3. She turned back with a — look. "I will make a — — — speak," she replied.

Youth's Companion.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 29.

ENIGMA LV.—General Andrew Jackson.

ENIGMA LVI.—European War.

REVERSIBLES.—1. Ton-not. 2. Rap-par. 3. Brag-garb. 4. Nib-bin.

CONCEALED VEGETABLES.—1. Bean. 2. Tomato. 3. Potato. 4. Beet. 5. Corn. 6. Turnip. 7. Pea. 8. Onion. 9. Pumpkin. 10. Radish.

ADDITIONS.—1. Love, glove. 2. Low, glow. 3. In, gin. 4. Row, grow. 5. Lass, glass. 6. Lad, glad. 7. Aunt, gaunt. 8. Rave, grave.